The Milke-maids life:

OR,

A pretty new Ditty, Compoſed and pend, The praiſe of the Milking paile to defend.

To a curious new tune called, *The Milke-maids Dumps.*

YOu Rurall goddeſſes
that woods and fields poſſeſſe
Aſſiſt me with your skill,
That may direct my quill
more ſocundly to expreſſe
The mirth and delight,
Both morning and night,
on mountaine or in dale,
Of them who chuſe
This trade to vſe,
And through cold dewes
Doe neuer refuſe
to carry the milking payle.

Their hearts are frée from care,
they neuer will deſpaire:
What euer them befall,
They bravely beare out all
e Fortunes frowns out-dare.
They pleaſantly ſing
To welcome the ſpring,
'gainſt heauen they neuer
If graſſe wel grow (rayle:
Their thankes they ſhow,
And froſt or ſnow
They merrily goe
along with the milking paile.

Thepraueſt Laſſes gay,
line not ſo merry as they,
In honeſt ciuill ſort,
They make each other ſport,
as they trudge on their way:
Come faire or foule weather
They're fearefull of neither,
their courages neuer quaile:
In wet and dry
Though winds be hye
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny
to carry the milking paile.

Wale idleneſſe they doe ſcorne,
they riſe very early i'th morn,
And wa like into the field,
Where pretty birds doe yéld
braue muſick on euery thorn.
The Linet and Thrush
Doe ſing on each buſh,
and the daintie Nightingale
Her note doth straine
In a iocund vaine,
To entertaine
That worthy traine
which carry the milking paile.

45. b. 28. 24.

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The ſecond part To the ſame tune.

Their labor doth health preſerue
no Doctors rules they obſerue,
While others too nice
In taking their aduice,
look alwaies as though they wold
Their meat is digeſted, (ſtarue,
They nere are moleſted,
no ſickneſſe doth them aſſaile:
Their time is ſpent
In merryment,
While limbs are lent
They are content
to carry the milking paile.

Thoſe Laſſes nice and ſtrange,
that keep ſhops in the Exchange
Sit picking of clouts,
And gining of ſtouts,
they ſeldome abroad doe range:
Then comes the grim ſickneſſe,
And changeth their likeneſſe,
all this is for want of good ſale:
But tis not ſo
As proofe doth ſhow
By them that goe
In froſt and ſnow
to carry the milking paile.

If they any ſweet-hearts haue,
that doe their affection craue,
Their priuiledge is this,
Which many others miſſe,
they can ginc the welcome braue
With them they may walke,
And pleaſantly talke
with a bottle of Wine or Ale:
The gentle Cow
Doth them allow
As they know how,
God ſpeed the plow,
and bleſſe the milking paile.

Upon the firſt of May,
with garlands freſh and gay,
With mirth and muſick ſweet
For ſuch a ſeaſon meet
they paſſe the time away:
They dance away ſorrow,
And all the day thorow,
their legs doe neuer faile:
They nimbly
Their feet doe ply,
And bravely try
The victory,
in honour o'th milking paile.

If any thinke that I
doe practice flattery,
In ſeeking thus to raiſe
The merry Milkmaids praiſe
ile to them thus reply,
It is their deſert,
Inuiteth my Art
to ſtudy this pleaſant taſk,
In their defence,
Whoſe innocence
And prouidence,
Gets honeſt pence
out of the milking paile. *M.P.*

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